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7 MARCH 1980

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WALES

A legend and its legacy

By Kenneth O. Morgan

GWYN A. WILLIAMS:

Madoc

The Making of a Myth

225pp. Eyre Methuen. £8.50.

0 413 39450 X

Welsh history has been fertile with many legends. Throughout the centuries, myth and reality have gone hand in hand. During the Middle Ages, an enduring sense of national identity owed much to the belief that the Welsh were the direct descendants of Brutus, the grandson of Aeneas of Troy, in the hands of Geoffrey of Monmouth, this was powerfully reinforced by the cult of Arthur, a warrior king who had repelled the invasion of the Saxons and had gone on to conquer much of northern Europe, and perhaps overseas territories such as Iceland and Greenland as well. Madoc was another mythical hero so commemorated. The Arthurian legend was extended by lavish use of the mysterious prophecies of Merlin or Myrddin, which forecast the eventual triumph of the Welsh over their enemies. Life during the Tudor period, fortified by these legends, the medieval Welsh, conquered in war, politically fragmented, continued to believe in their glorious past and their prophetic future. Just as Welsh nationality partly relied on the past, so too, did the cause of political union. The legend of the Saxons' 'treachery of the long knives' (*Brdd y Cyllyll*) lived on as a symbol of alien oppression imposed by covert and dishonourable means. The Educational Commissioners of 1846, who so ignorantly condemned Welsh culture and religious life in the 'treachery of the blue books' (*Brdd y Llyfrau Gleision*), were but a later embodiment of the same idea. No doubt there will be further vehicles for the treachery theme (Sir Keith Joseph and the British Steel Corporation perhaps?) in years to come. Radical forces as well as conservative forces have gained from the beguiling force of legend. The early socialist movement in Wales in the present century drew inspiration from the belief (a kind of Cymric version of the 'Norman yoke' theory) that pre-conquest Wales was a classless, democratic society, and the elated, dogmatic Anglo-Saxon hegemony, political and economic, stifled the native freeborn genius.

But perhaps no legend that endured in popular recollection was more long-lived, certainly none more remarkable, than that of Madoc. This usually took the form of a tale that, in the year 1170, Prince Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd, tired of civil wars in Wales, sailed across the western ocean and discovered America, three centuries before Columbus. Further, as the legend developed, it was claimed that Madoc returned to Wales and then sailed forth a second time, to found a colony in America. This colony was to survive, leaving a people of Welsh-speaking Indians, identifiable by their light skin, fairer hair and forms of speech that drew upon the Welsh language ('penguin' or 'white head' being one popular example—despite the undeniable black heads that those birds, in fact, possess). From popular folklore and romance in the early thirteenth century, down to the radical 'Jacobin' movements of the early nineteenth century, the legend of Madoc and the Welsh Indians evolved and expanded. In major respects, this powerful myth, wholly fictitious though it may have been in purely historical terms, played a crucial part in keeping alive not only a sense of continuous political tradition but the very consciousness of nationhood in Wales.

It is this theme that forms the basis of Gwyn A. Williams' wholly fascinating and enchanting book. He has covered aspects of the story before, notably in a recent work on the Welsh-American settlement founded by Morgan John Rhys at Beulah, Pennsylvania, in the 1790s. In addition, he explains with characteristic generosity, his work was in part launched by the researches of that marvellous Penarthshire polymath, David Williams, Professor of Welsh History at Aberystwyth from 1945 to 1967, Voltairean, Baptist, transatlantic Welshman, extraordinary, one of the giants of twentieth-century British history, whose account of John Evans' 'strange journey' along the Upper Missouri in 1795-96 appeared in the *American Historical Review* in 1949. David Williams was the direct inspiration for many in Wales (including, it may be added, the present reviewer). But Gwyn Williams' *Madoc: The Making of a Myth* is the first comprehensive treatment of this absorbing theme: it will surely prove the definitive one. This is a transatlantic history at its most enjoyable, of a theme that was already far wider in appeal. There was a Madoc who

combination of detective work (one imagines Professor Williams in his Dilwells deerstalker, imaginative literary recreation, and wide learning that provides one of the most attractive works of history to appear for many years.

The Madoc legend evolved in three phases. The first owed its wider impact to John Dee, that bizarre London Welsh astrologer-antiquarian who has loomed so large in recent accounts of sixteenth-century intellectual life. It was Francis Yates, Keith Thomas and others. Dee was, among many other things, part of that new centrality of the Welsh in the public life of the Tudor period, when the myths of Brutus and of Arthur or Merlin seemed to have found fulfilment under the progeny of Owen Tudor. Dee was a propagandist for imperialism; indeed, he coined the term 'British Empire', using neither word as it would have been understood by his nineteenth-century successors, but rather as a claim to the title of the new world, based on the early pioneering by the medieval Welsh. Dee's fantasies fitted in with ocean-going venturing by Elizabethan seafarers anxious to frustrate the Spaniards and others. It was as a result of a voyage by his friend Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583 that Dee first publicly proclaimed the Tudor right to territories and dominions across the seas, based on the dynasty's descent from Madoc, an Owen Gwynedd. He and everyone else were very vague about precisely where Madoc was thought to have landed. The location varied from Greenland to Newfoundland; on the mainland, from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico. Dee quoted a speech by the Aztec Montezuma which asserted that the omnipresent Madoc had been the founder of his house in Mexico.

But, however uncertain in detail, the myth was widely circulated. In 1585, Walter Raleigh used the Madoc voyage as the basis for Queen Elizabeth's claim to the island of Ireland. Henry VIII's voyage in 1589 lodged the Madoc myth in popular British consciousness, drawing on such familiar Welsh texts as David Powel's *History of Cambria* and Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Britain*. Wales was a key to the British dream of the new world, the basis for a new imperialism. But as Gwyn Williams shows, the Madoc theme was already far wider in appeal. There was a Madoc who

figured in medieval romance in French and Flemish literature, in the Orkney Saga of the Norsemen and in the story of the Zeni brothers of Venice who discovered a series of (imaginary) islands in the northern seas. Through the reworking of an old tradition, Madoc became vital to the cult of exploration and to the cosmic consciousness of western Europe.

The second phase of the Madoc myth concerned, mainly, the Madogwys, the further tale that behind him a solemn, solemn Welsh-speaking Indians in the heart of the American west. Madoc's descent upon America was now confidently located on the mainland and thus became caught up in the continental expansion and rivalry of the English, French and Spanish in North America. Legends of Madoc were current in Anglo-Welsh literature throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Herbert's *Merlin*, the *Periann* Monarchy in 1834 powerfully reinforced Madoc's prestige and cited evidence of Welsh influence in the dialects and natural history of the people of Mexico. The Madoc cult was endorsed even by that learned savant, Edward Lhuyd. Madoc struck new popular roots in the writings of a mystical Breconshire clergyman, Theophilus Evans, whose *Drych y Prif Oesedd* ('Mirror of the Early Ages') in its second edition of 1740 made elaborate use of the Madoc tale. It emphasized the way in which prince's descendants had merged with the Indian natives 'like milk with water'—an analogy sure to appeal to Cardiganshire dailymen. From the 1760s there was a tidal wave of Welsh Indian stories; the First Men or White Indians were usually located now in the valley of the Upper Missouri, in that magical landscape of the 'Shining Mountains' with its supposed 'short portage' to the Pacific. From the end of the Seven Years' War to the Nooks crisis of 1790, Madoc became part and parcel of the great-power territorial struggles in the uncharted westward interior. No one doubted that Welsh Indians existed; President Jefferson was later to dispatch Lewis and Clark specifically to find them. Madoc was now the conventional wisdom.

The third and final phase of the Madoc saga came with the era of revolution in the early 1790s. From then, Madoc now gave way to Jacobin Madoc. The 'America fever' that

existed in Wales at the time was swamped by a new revolutionary ferment. It galvanized the Welsh dissenting or freethinking intelligentsia from Denbigh to the Vale of Glamorgan. The idea of the 'White Padoucos', or the Welsh Indians, emerging from pre-literate like some Cymric Atlantis, became the very symbol of a new, natural enthusiasm of the 'locality'. Welsh, reinterpreting their usable past and setting it against this explosive transatlantic ideology. The fact that no specific Indian tribe yet discovered could be linked with the 'Padoucos' was immaterial. This new ideology became, in a quite distinct sense, Welsh nationalism, though it was always a nationalism of an outward-looking and non-exclusive kind. The idea of the Welsh Indians bleeded, too, with the dream of a *Gwladfa*, a national home for the freeborn Welsh in the far west, a sort of Zion in the wilderness, untainted by the pressures of Anglo-Saxon imperialism. It fired the imagination of Morgan John Rhys, that incandescent, restless prophet who founded a new settlement for the Welsh on the banks of the Ohio. It captured the mind of William Jones of Llangadfan in Montgomeryshire, that marginal self-taught Voltairian who articulated the very essence of the Welsh enlightenment.

Most powerful of all, it provided grief for the whirling mill of Edward Williams of Llancafarn, the immortal Iolo Morganwg, a schizophrenic product of the two cultures of the Vale of Glamorgan. Iolo has been much deified as the inventor of forged medieval poetry and of fake Druids; he made up most of the *Ku Klux Klan*ishness of the modern *isteddofde* *gorsedd*. But in reality he was a powerful prophet of what Engels later termed 'unhistoric nationalism'. In the hands of an inspired, zany prophet like Iolo, the Welsh Indians became the personification of Welsh freedom and self-realization. The Madogwys became the repository of the hopes and dreams of an oppressed generation, amid the swirling currents of the 1790s, side by side with the repression and persecution of the Pitt regime. There were born, in this ferment, a new Welsh politics, a new Welsh nationalism, a new Welsh industrial society, a new Welsh nonconformity, too, not least through a kind of Baptist intermission which created 'permanent' and 'durable' links

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هَذَا مِنْ الْقُرْآنِ

Two poems by Peter Redgrove

Round Water

(The jellyfish in its medusoid or sexually adult form spends its time bobbing up and down slowly in the surface waters by means of a pulsation in the swimming-bell.)

I.
There is the salt water out of which the stars rise,
It is the pool of the sun and the pool of the moon

In which they wash themselves.

The moon descends into its pant becoming its subsequent selves.

II.
He buys and sells the water
In which the faces of the dead are washed
To make them shine as clean as stars

In the city marked out according to the animals
In the night sky: the great plumes draw them
Out of the harbour which is smooth and black.
The Singularity
And Erdmura Plasm (this is by the river),
Beta Cigni Ltd. (Jewellers),
Milk Dipper House (Milk of Ag and Fish),
Hotel Aquila,
The Altar Bespoke Tailor Complex, the Lira Playhouse,
And Smilhouse, the official broadcasting station.

III.
We watch Osiris step from the water in the rising sun
A thin shining of gold that makes the birds cry out.
Starfolk wailing there? Who are the starfolk caught there?
Say the blue cloudy porcel and the red porcel,
The yellow umbrell that is a sea-drinking opal
Busy as the ocean's throat wearing a necktie,
The round fish, the breeding moonstone,

The shiny jelly-flower which is a snail brain
Of many wet mussels and chambers,
And a simple gorgon beating out the right rhythm,
Sensate mandala, pulsing umbrell
That sinks down into the depths, beats up, slips down,
Whose ponds are black pits of a glass gooseberry
Which is a porcel that squeezes shut, then opens,

In the perfectly round river of correct rhythm,
The jellyflower bumping its shot in meditation
The model of quiet living, the Master
At last perfected to jelly and salt.
Seamless of the perfect, rounded gestures
That cense on the gritty shore like sizzling hooftracks,

But within the sea are the sea's model of itself,
Beating the rhythms, model of the rhythms.

Look! the filmy round mither is in the sky,
The sea's tree is blossoming with jelly-flowers
Shedding their sexual powders,
Round water, healing water that stings,
Medusa-fish, model for the sky,
The moon's changes, and the circular wetlook city.

Eccentricity

I.
A local yellow marmalade made with pollen.
Our neighbour steeped brass sheets upstream
Charging the river with electricity,
Holds himself responsible for the town's prosperity,
Runs for mayor. The former's boy runs in
Shining and white, having seen on the Green
Two newly-dead souls of crickets practicing
As stiff mid white as if they had just been starched.
Bearing a child here unlikes you honorary Cornish,
But to whom do you apply for eccentricity?

II.
For example, here is a man who wears a wine-coloured
Body-suit of tough leather fitted with
White nuts and teeth and swagging primon
The warmth and texture of Pigs. Is not such
A man flesh? Who could ever credit this
Middle-aged? If you rippen
This false snail off would not life step out of it?

III.
One applies for eccentricity to the Brewery.
I have seen many tribal, cereonious masks, the best
A mask with moving parts: the face of a bird;
Twist a nail: the snout of a snake.
Open two more wood doors and we face
The mask of a man-bull, who is cattle
And rippling serpent, and bird.
Wat from the egg all at once, blowing his flutes
With bull-breath, bird-beak, snake eyes.

I have a mask composed of earthenware, or glass,
A great snout of a pig of a pint of foaming beer.
Take that away, and what have you?
Nothing at all perhaps, except the same again, please.

Malvern Memorials

I Loving Memory

For Teresa Stratas

The fesses where Carotenss fonght Ramur
blend with grey bracken and become a blur
above the Swedish Nightingale's last name.
Somehow my need for you makes me seek her.

The Malverns darken as the dusk seems in.
The roami berries' bright red glaze grins dull.
The harvest moon's scraped silver and bruised tin
is only one night off from being full.

Death keeps all hours, but graveyards close at nights.
I hurry past the Malvern Hospital
where a nurse goes round small wards and puts on lights
and someone there's lost night begins in full.

"The oldest rocks this earth can boast", these hills
pocked with extinction make me burn for you.

I ask two women leaving with Jend Joffdills:
Where's Jenny Lind's grave, please? They both say: Who?

II Looking Up

Pot Philip, Terry, and Will Sharpe
and the bicentenary of the birth of
Peter Mark Roget (1779-1869).

All day till it grows dark I sit and stare
over Herefordshire hills and into Wales.
Reflections of red coals thrown on the mir
blossom to brightness as the daylight foils.

An uncharred cherry flaunts a Mny of flames.
Like choffinches and rabbits tongues of fire
flit with the burden of Creation's vanes
but find no new apostles to inspire.

Bar n' farmhouse TV aerial nr two,
the odd red bus, the red Post Office um,
this must have been exactly Roget's view,
good Dr Roget, the Thesaurus man.

Roget died here, but 90 when he died
of natural causes twice as old as me.

Of his six synonyms for suicide
I set myself alight with safe suffice.

Tony Harrison

From The Wave Hennets

I

In the summer waves, hmbars: child, winter-winged;
boy with a snorkel, erect, stiff from his head;
swim-capped grandmother, rubber-flavoured; blue-ringed
toddler, not out of his depth; standing father
with his eyes on the distance; with legs outsprung,
yielding to rise and fall, smooth girl; mid, rather
far, the boldest, with arms claiming speed and space,
or, on willowing lily, the most relaxed;
a fat woman in tight costume, given grace
urgib and urged; toll young man walking in, taxed
by the surf and the shingle crnshing, clogging.
All are rising and falling, seeping, rocking.

II

As you're reading these lines, do you notice the
rhythm? It's difficult really with your mind
on the meaning of words, easy to miss the
beat of the sound. Can you split your attention
now, observing with half of it what's behind
all that you read, even this very question?
And the beat isn't regular—there are breaks,
jumps, interruptions, that supposedly match
the surprises in sense, and they're clever fakes
hiding themselves under themselves. You can't catch
them at work. It's a trick, though, you must forgive:
it's not very different from how you live.

Edmond Leo Wright

A hennet is a 12-line hendecasyllabic verse rhyming abcbadedeff, of which
the first two feet are usually anapaestic. Mr Wright first used it in his
collection *The Horwich Hennets* (1976).

Letters from Elizabeth Bishop

By Anne Stevenson

Since her death in the autumn of last year, Elizabeth Bishop has at last received some of the honour she deserves. In 1962, however, when Donald Hall suggested that I divert my admiration of her poetry into a little book for Twynel's United States Authors Series, her poems had been praised and ignored. Although America had showered her with prizes, including the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1956, she was principally admired by a circle of artists who were also her friends: Marianne Moore, Pablo Neruda, Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, Richard Wilbur. In England, in the 1960s at least, the only poet I knew who took her work seriously was the late G. S. Fraser. If she is "discovered" now, and taken up (as Edward Thomas was) by a generation of poets young enough to be her grandchildren, the irony will be a familiar one.

Elizabeth Bishop would have been the first to smile. For, like her poems, Elizabeth was both sure of her art (some thought her arrogant) and self-effacing. Intolerant of pretension, unapproachable by the pompous, she was fond of amusing, unassuming people, and unswayed by literary jealousy. She had spent much of her childhood in a tiny village in Nova Scotia, and like Wordsworth, or Edwin Muir, had lived so intensely during the period that adulthood scarcely diminished the force of the experience. (For perhaps the best story of childhood ever written, look up "In The Village" in her third collection of poems, *Questions of Travel*.) She viewed her life as a pursuit—not of childhood for her own was in many ways unhappy, but of a clarity and truth of experience which she glimpsed from time to time during her travels (or dreams) and out of which she drew her extraordinary poems.

Miss Bishop was living in Brazil, and I in Watertown, just outside Cambridge, Massachusetts, when I wrote to Marianne Moore, whom I had met at Harvard, to ask if she thought I might write to Elizabeth Bishop in connection with my book. I could find little in Widener Library other than a cursory note in 1970's *Who's Who*. From the poems and the marvelous stories, Elizabeth Bishop had published very little. Marianne Moore wrote back in her inimitable fashion: "Yes, I think you might write to Elizabeth Bishop, enclosing certain questions to answer or not as she thinks best. . . . I hope she is not dying a slow death of inquiries concerning her life and work. . . . She now lives in Brazil, as you probably know, with Louis Zukorff. You might enquire if she would tell you a little about her study—that I heard with interest [excitement] of her lecture; carved Spanish I think. . . . She seems happy. . . . I am fond of animals—had a rooster, a cat, a dog, a turtle, a human—has made the little Negro baby (of their cook?) seem very real to me. . . . Please pardon my half-answering you. One should not know where to stop if one could help a friend—Elizabeth or you. I default. Please help me, ignore me as much as you can. . . . I am glad you are writing the book (perhaps it can't be all be inferred)."

With this poem of a letter to Marianne Moore, Elizabeth Bishop was at once real, with her Spanish lecture and her touch, I wrote cautiously to Petrópolis. But before my letter reached Brazil, a letter typed on the thinnest of yellow paper arrived in Watertown: "Dear Mrs Stevenson, it began. (Properly I was Miss Stevenson, she had recently been married, perhaps Ms—though I don't think 'Ms' had been invented in 1962.) In any case, the letter continued: "I have recently received a letter from Marianne Moore in which she says that you would like some information about me for your 'Twynel' Publishers' Author Series'. I can't seem to remember what this is, although I probably should know—will you tell me something about it? She goes on to the effect that I 'deserve professional criticism'. But I don't think I do, and I wonder where that idea came from? (Unless 'professional' means something very odd.) Anyway, I had the idea of helping you by writing a quick letter to you."

Which did not mean, of course, that Elizabeth was in the snailiest way unsophisticated. An expert on contemporary art and architecture (she and Louis had designed their own house), she was an informed collector of paintings, a musician who had studied the harpsichord, briefly, with Ralph Kirkpatrick—a fact very much in Brazil is the popular music. . . . often superb spontaneous folk-music, and I won't very much to write a piece about them."

You are right about my admiring Klee very much—but as it happens, "The Monument" was written more under the influence of a sat of *Protagoras* by Max Ernst I used to own. I am passionately fond of painting; in fact I'd much rather talk about painting than poetry, as a rule. I am equally fond of music—although I'm rather behind with that, living in Brazil. Next time round I'd like to be a painter—or a composer—or a doctor. I seriously considered studying medicine for several years and still wish I had. . . .

And in a subsequent letter: "You mention Ernst again. Oh dear—I wish I'd never mentioned him at all, because I think he's usually a dreadful painter. . . . Schwitters (have one here that has to be watched for termites and mildew constantly). . . . Some Sauts, for example, one smallish quilt grey & blue one of Hon-fleur, with posts sticking up out of the head—at the Museum of Modern Arts in N.Y.—I'd give anything to have painted that. . . . Bearing in mind that Elizabeth usually wrote in haste, scarcely waiting to get one idea into type before her mind leapt on to the next, the tone of her letters is remarkable. . . . I had the idea of helping you by writing a quick letter to you."

There isn't any particular logic to when and where the poems were written. The first five in the book [*Poems*, Houghton Mifflin, 1955] were written in New York in 1931. "Large Bad Picture" was written later in Key West. (Memory poems are apt to pop up from time to time no matter where one happens to be. I find I mean childhood memory poems.) "Mon-Moth" is another very early one, and "Country to City," the Miracle sestina, "Love Lies Sleeping," later New York ones, after my first winter in Paris. . . . Paris 7AM. I did write in Paris. "Quai d'Orléans," too, but the second stay there—in between comes "Florida"—and "Cirque d'Ivoire" was written during a later stay on Cape Cod. . . . "Varick Street" I had a garret on King Street in N.Y. for a good many years—the buildings are torn down now—and in warm weather it was very noisy. I use dream-material whenever I am lucky enough to have any and this particular poem is almost all dream—just rearranged a bit—so was "Rain Towards Morning"—and most of the last stanza of "Anaphora". The last few lines of the first stanza of "At the Fishhouses" were also a dream, as James would say, in a dream. . . . I do listen to the hi fi a lot. ("Roosters", I remember, I got rather stuck with, and a recording of Kirkpatrick—I took a few lessons of conventional criticism are usually required to say a quarter of what Elizabeth Bishop says in a paragraph.)

Letters, of course, have the advantage over articles or essays, since the writer is not required to prove a thesis, or demonstrate a theory. Perhaps that is why I find these letters from Elizabeth Bishop so full of truth. Only a supreme artist could have written, unself-consciously, so much truth about herself, and yet left so much to be inferred—as Marianne Moore

defect in her, ready always to sympathize, she was a broad woman to whom dignity and manners mattered. At the same time, she was ready at all times to give herself over to imagination. Living as she did, a self-exiled puritan, incarcerated by her own contradictory desires in an elegant house in the midst of an undemocratic, unsettled, terrifying, beautiful country (never forgetting the jungle) she was precisely in the right position to balance imagination with observation at the slow writing pace she found necessary for the creation of poems.

There is no "split". Dreams, works of art (some), glimpses of the always-more-successful surrealism of everyday life, unexpected moments of empathy (is it?) catch a peripheral vision of whatever it is one can never really see full-face but that seems enormously important. I can't believe we are wholly irrational (and I do admire Darwin). But reading Darwin, one admires the beautiful solid case being built up out of his endless, heroic observations—almost unconscious or automatic—and then comes a sudden relaxation, a forgetful phrase, and one feels the strangeness of his undertaking, sees the lonely young man, his eyes fixed on facts and minute details, sinking or sliding giddily off into the unknown. What one seems to want in art, in experiencing it, is the same thing that is necessary for its creation, a self-forgetful, fearless concentration. (In this sense it is always "escape" don't you think?)

After reading that, could one really believe that there is a split between the scientist's end and the writer's vision of things? And how many pages of conventional criticism are usually required to say a quarter of what Elizabeth Bishop says in a paragraph? Letters, of course, have the advantage over articles or essays, since the writer is not required to prove a thesis, or demonstrate a theory. Perhaps that is why I find these letters from Elizabeth Bishop so full of truth. Only a supreme artist could have written, unself-consciously, so much truth about herself, and yet left so much to be inferred—as Marianne Moore put it. In the absence of a Col-lected Letters, I hope Miss Bishop will, in spirit, condone the printing of some random passages—which are not, of course, substitutes for any of the poems, but which may help people to read the poems with a sense of her personality behind them.

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A Hank of Wool

Lyn Elizabeth Bishop

"Hunk?" I hear you say,
all that old misquered.
"Sounds like a name for a cowboy."

But didn't you hold the wool—
shop wool, ticketed bought wool—
until your shoulders ached?

I used to sit like a hermit
with my two mms held out
to stretch the hawk between them.

ii
To remind it, Elizabeth,
come back in a cordigan
knitted grey or brown

so that we can imagine
the click and flash of needles,
see them like fireflies

in our tranquil recollection
of those supple mysteries,
knit one, drop one, slip one. . .

iii
Then say goodbye to Maine,
to shade-cnd mny-colours
of blue and green,

to the doll's afghu
in different coloured squares,
your grailmather who "knitted things for soldiers"

taught you to do with little sermons.
"But I knitted this."
So then I would unravel lots of rows—
and I've never knitted since."

Seamus Heaney

John Co. 116

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